THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 6, 1808.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN, MAY 12, 1808.

COURT of EXCHEQUER.

MALONE, BROWN, and THOMPSON, Plaintiffs—the Messrs. O'HALLORANS, Defendants.

THIS was a cause tried before the lord chief baron and a special jury, on the 3d of last February; but, in consequence of his lordship having saved a point of law for the consideration of the other barons, it was not finally determined 'till this day. This was a cause of great importance to the mercantile world, particularly to the wholesale merchants of Dublin. It excited an unusual degree of interest. The following is a brief but accurate statement of the case, as it appeared in evidence.

A country shopkeeper, of the name of Kinsella, having come to Dublin in the month of August to purchase his usual stock, selected at the plaintiffs', and other warehouses in the city, goods to a large amount, directing them all to be sent to the house of the defendants, to be packed up together, and from thence to his residence at Leighlin-bridge. Some doubts of his solvency having arisen in the mind of Mr. Malone, one of the plaintiffs, he directed his book-keeper to make inquiry from Messrs. O'Hallorans, the defendants, as to that particular point, who gave such satisfactory information as induced the plaintiff to send the goods ordered. It also appeared in evidence that, but for the character given by the defendants, the

goods would not have been sent; and it also appeared that, on the very day it was given by the defendants, they, the defendants, had instituted proceedings in the Tholsel Court, to lay an execution on all goods sent into their house to be forwarded to Kinsella, and in this order to reimburse themselves in a debt recently contracted with them by Kinsella. It was also proved, that they forwarded the goods purchased from themselves to the house of Kinsella, at the same time detaining all the other property as security for their being paid. In consequence of which seizure, Kinsella's affairs became deranged, and the action was brought by Malone and Co. to recover the amount of their goods, which had been sold by the marshall of Dublin under the execution so issued by the defendants. It was contended on their part, that the plaintiffs, by sending the goods, agreeable to Kinsella's order, had parted all property in them, which, vesting in Kinsella, became liable to his debts.

The jury, under the direction of the chief baron, found a verdict for the full amount of the plaintiffs' demand, with costs, subject to the decision of the court as to the point of law respecting the right of property.

The court was occupied the entire of Tuesday last, in arguing the point saved, and this day at its sitting pronounced judgment in favour of the plaintiffs.

The chief baron, with his usual ability, went through the whole of the case, and stated, that it appeared clearly in the evidence produced, to be the usage, for country dealers to order their smaller purchases to be sent for package to the merchant's house from whom the largest purchase was made: he remarked it would be contrary to every principle of justice and reason should the mere circumstance of so getting them entitle him to seize and dispose of fourteen or fifteen shares, (if so many were sent) for his one, in case of real or suspected insolvency on the part of the vendee; and his lordship held it as a fact deducible from all the authorities quoted on the subject, that the right of stoppage in transitu by the vendor, only terminated when the goods purchased by the vendee arrive at their final destination, agreeable to the vendee's intention and order.

Judgment for the plaintiffs, which seemed to give great satisfaction in a crowded court.

ENGLAND.

COURT of EXCHEQUER, May 18, 1808.

WILLINGTON *v.* LAUD.

Liability of real Estate to Simple Contract Creditors.

THIS bill was filed to recover the sum of £5000 for which plaintiff was a simple contract creditor. And the question was upon

upon the following words of a will, " Whether the testator had subjected his real estates to the payment of his debts?" The words were as follow: " As to all my worldly estate which it hath been pleased God to bless me, I give and dispose of the same in manner and form following, that is to say, imprimis, I will that all my debts be discharged and paid." And then he devises lands, &c. to particular persons. The testator died leaving a great real estate, but very little personal estate.

For the plaintiff it was argued that the words " worldly estate" did comprehend the real as well as the personal estate, and meant all the testator had in the world. It was the testator's intention that before any person should take any part of his worldly estate, that his debts should be first paid and discharged. Indeed, if a man directs by will generally, that his debts shall be paid, it is no more than what the law says: and his personal estate, which is the proper fund, shall only be liable. But here these words are not to be considered as of course, but manifest a plain intent to subject the real estate to the payment of the testator's debts. It is said the words made use of by the testator is, " give," which is applicable only to personals, and " devise," which is properly relative to lands. But to prove this makes no difference; they cited 1 Vern. 411. Clowdley *v.* Pelham; there the words were, " willing his debts should be paid," and the real estates were held liable. So here it is " I will." Besides, in another part of the will when the testator is giving away the plaintiff's estate and other personals he makes use of the word " devise," which shews he never understood any difference between the words.

The following cases were cited. 2 Vern. 708. Trott *v.* Vernon. 2 Vern. 228. Allcock *v.* Sparhawke. 2 Vern 690. and Bearcroft *v.* Bearcroft, which last was relied on as a case in point, though it was objected that the word, " remainder" in that case, viz. " out of the remainder of my estate I give," &c. shewed a precedent devise of it before. The case of Harris *v.* Ingledon, 10th of March, 1730, at the Rolls, was also cited; where William Ingledon, by will, devised in these words: " And as touching such worldly estate which God has blessed me with, my debts being first paid and satisfied, I will and devise the same in manner following." And in that case, a bill brought by a simple contract creditor, the personal estate not proving sufficient,) it was decreed that the freehold and copyhold were both liable. In the civil law, as in the case of bankruptcy, there is no priority or superiority of debts; and in conscience they are all the same: and that it is the function this court goes upon, when the intent is clear.

Mr. Dallas for the defendant contended, that the real estate is not liable to the plaintiff's demand; and that if such general words, as are here, were to be construed to affect real estates,

it would render the titles of all persons, claiming under wills, very precarious. He said, that after the clause in the will, whereby the defendants are directed to be paid, the will goes on. Item, " I give to Mr. S. an annuity of two hundred pounds per annum, to be paid out of my manors, &c." He admitted the words, " worldly estate" were large enough to affect the real as well as personal estates: but the question here is, Whether it was the testator's intent to charge both, and it was plain it was not.

The learned counsel observed, that the general direction of ordering all his debts to be paid is no more than what the law says; and therefore *Expressio eorum quæ tacite insunt nihil operatur.* But here it is said, " imprimis," which is insisted to be of the same import as in the first place. But the word imprimis has no such import, it only denotes the order of speaking, and serves for no other purpose than to distinguish the subsequent devises, so as that they should not coincide. A person cannot speak all his words at once; and this, therefore, differs from all the cases cited, where it appears the testator had an eye to his real estate: in the case of Bearcroft and Bearcroft, there the words were, " Out of the remainder of my estate; and, after my debts are paid, to my wife," so that in that case there is a plain intent to charge the land. So the case of Trott *v.* Vernon, and Harris *v.* Ingledon. In both these cases the words " in the first place" plainly shew the testator's intent; and there is no case in all the books where such general words in a will, with a particular charge on lands afterwards, as in the present case of an annuity, have ever been held to make a real estate answerable for debts; not one of the cases cited have any particular charge laid on the land.

Are the debts to be an incumbrance to the annuity charged on land? The testator, by mentioning such particular charge, therefore, shews his intent only was to affect the lands with that, and not with the debts; besides, if the words are doubtful, they ought not to be interpreted to the disinherison of an heir at law.

The lord chief baron, and the rest of the barons, held that the lands were liable, and so it was decreed.

BON MOT.

MONSIEUR A——, professor and principal in the academy of Saumur, used to spend five hours of the morning regularly in his study, and was very punctual at the hour of dinner; one day, on his not appearing precisely at the dinner hour, his wife entered his study, and found him still reading. " I wish my love (said the lady) that I was a book"—" Why so?" (replied

(replied the professor,) "Because you would then be constant to me." "I should have no objection (rejoined the professor), provided you were an almanack." "Why an almanack, my dear?"—"Because I should then have a new one every year."

BEING VISITED.

"What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?"

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SIR Walter Raleigh's prophecy, "that when the aristocracy of birth and wealth should become the same, then the sun of England might be said to be shorn of its beams," is not perhaps quite fulfilled, but it is one of those prophecies which we may suppose to be in the progress of fulfilment, without consulting either Daniel or the Revelations.

The equalization of birth and wealth, by allowing to the latter all that was formerly thought due to the former, is an experiment which has so often been tried of late, that the result begins to appear, but, we confess, as yet with no very terrific aspect, the utmost ambition of wealth being confined to one object only—that of being visited.

A man who has become rich, no matter how (for that is the rudest of all possible questions), is desirous to be visited by his superiors, in birth and rank. He gives a breakfast, a dinner, a fete, or a concert, and he is visited. He advertises an entertainment which is gratis, a public place where no money is taken at the door; and the proudest titles that ever emanated from the herald's college, do not disdain to accept the elegant gratuity, bargaining only that they may bring certain of their own set with them, for the more convenient exchange of the shrug of pity, or the sneer of contempt.

If his wife happen to be as obscure in the article of pedigree as himself, perhaps with the addition of a character so dubious as not to be thought solvent in the world of reputation, she must have her certificate; she must be visited. As matters are, the nice and circumspect will neither pay nor receive courtesies; will exchange neither nods nor cards. Such is her state of solitude, that she catches cold without pity, and sprains her ancle without inquiry. The white-wash of a visit is therefore absolutely necessary, and her husband has the means. The rout, the concert, or the dejeune, are announced, and the prince, the duke, the lord most condescendingly admire the precocity

precocity of her hot-house, the taste of her lamp-lighter, and the extreme heat of her rooms. She is visited; and who will not visit where the choicest wines, and the most expensive repast, reward them for humility, by providing a subject for ridicule?

To be visited is every thing; it is what wealth can do, and what birth, without wealth, cannot do. It is to receive the bow and the smile of a great man: to have one's self complimented, and the hoyden daughter led down a dance by a peer —to be recorded in the newspapers in all the extravagance of accumulated superlatives—to excite the envy of Thames-street and the Minories—to draw perfumers from the smell of the shop—to extract elegance from wharfs and docks—to grow cherries in March from sugar hogsheads—strawberries from rum puncheons, and geraniums from bales of cotton—what is all this but the supreme happiness of being visited?

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 38.

EUGENIO TO ELLEN.

" Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam."
Hor. Od. L. i. v. 15.

WHILE fickle fashion winds the city's maze,
Where folly banquets in the noonday blaze,
Where shameless vice erects her gorgon crest,
And blots contrition from the tainted breast,
Mine is the lot, secluded from the throng,
To weave sweet garlands in the vale of song,
Nor would my muse the fond pursuit forego,
For all the bliss ambition's minions know.
It charms me, Ellen, in those hours serene,
When setting sun-beams gild the dewy scene,
It charms me much, thro' nature's paths to stray,
And trace the fading lineaments of day.
No sounds of public petulance I hear,
And nought but music vibrates on the ear;
Simplicity prevails where'er I rove,
And all the warring passions yield to love.
—In such an hour, so undisturb'd as this,
Fond memory yields its modicum of bliss;
Delusion sweet, but fugitive at best!
Unerring record, that I once was blest!
In life's fair dawn, when beauty's magic art
First kindles ardour in the stripling's heart,

Thro' fancy's medium every scene seems bright,
And every change creates some new delight;
Advent'rous youth, impatient for the prize,
Pursues it swift, and swift the phantom flies;
From hour to hour his busy course he speeds,
No reason guides him, and no fear impedes;
'Till breathless, hopeless, all that seem'd so fair,
Bursts from his grasp, and vanishes in air.
—Man, in the mould of impious folly cast,
Steals through the world, a dreamer to the last;
Courting each vain deception that may hide
His swift approach to death's Lethean tide.
How few, absolv'd from error's strong controul,
E'er mind the welfare of the immortal soul!
But, by impetuous passion urg'd, decline
All interest in promises divine.
Blest is the man—beyond conception, blest—
Who feels the sacred impulse in his breast
Of pure religion! and, with steady course,
Seeks bliss and finds it in a heavenly source.
Tho' hope, at times, her radiant planet hides,
He cannot err whom inspiration guides;
Staunch to the truth, he boldly perseveres,
And reaps in glory what was sown in tears.
—E'en as these deep reflections are my lot,
(Myself a wanderer, by the world forgot)
The glowing tints of slow-receding light
Beam with rich splendour from the mountain's height;
Whilst thro' the precincts of my native grove
Echos the warbled melody of love.
If to the north I turn my pensive eye,
A range of hills seems mingling with the sky;
If to the west—excursive billows flow,
Where steep St. Michael lifts its towery brow.
Yet would I gladly stray thro' scenes less fair,
Could but my friend a kindred transport share;
A *wilderness* would charm—should *Ellen* wander there.

X.

Eugenio to the Editor.

I have just shewn the preceding letter to my friend Tom Splash, who eagerly objects to its solemnity; and as the dialogue it occasioned is now fresh in my memory, and somewhat interesting, I will endeavour to commit it to paper. Having read my verses aloud, the conversation thus commenced:

Tom.—Mighty fine, and mighty *true!* but downright sermonizing. Nothing more or less than pulpit-oratory versified. 'Zounds,

Zounds, my good fellow, you are all in the wrong; if you would do execution, chuse proper artillery, and not throw away your time in shooting at your enemies with a pop-gun. *Satire*, my boy,—satire cuts like a two-edged sword; but as for your *morality* 'tis as blunt as a carving knife that has done a whole day's duty at my lord-mayor's feast.

Eugenio.—I grant ye, Tom! satire is an excellent weapon, when wielded in a proper cause; and should I commence hostilities against any of your fashionable foibles, I should certainly prefer it to the method you object to. But in matters of eternal import, a due portion of solemnity is a very necessary ingredient. Would you have a bishop assume the motley garb of a jackpudding?

Tom.—Nay! but since you talk of *ingredients*, why not sweeten your dose with a little sugar?

Eugenio.—Why not? what, my dear Tom, should you think of the physician that prescribed gingerbread, when his patient needed a catasplasm or cathartic? In the discussion of solemn and important subjects, consistency is absolutely requisite. And what subject is there more truly awful than the rebellious depravity of human nature? Satire, when well managed, may have its due effect in counteracting the efforts of folly; but sin needs a more serious attack. The plain unsophisticated truth, aided by the impulsive inspiration of divinity, is the only possible remedy adapted to such a desperate and epidemic malady. Your flashy counsellor (whom I generally look on as an embryo judge) may crack his jokes even in cases of the most abject depravity; but when he is at length more grandly *bewigged* and *belorded*, adieu to his quips and quirks! A grave deportment succeeds, and every sentence is delivered with the most decorous profundity.

Tom.—*Modesty*, with a vengeance! and so you compare yourself to a *judge*, as well as a bishop and physician?

Eugenio.—A truce to your comparisons! I merely meant to ask you which, you conceived, made the deepest impression on the mind—the counsel's facetious flummery, or his lordship's persuasive solemnity? For instance, when, a few weeks since, Judge Hardinge passed sentence on the infamous murderer at Cardiff, how inefficacious would the most poignant satire have proved, in comparison with his exquisite prefatory address. What pathos is evident in the following sentences: "Your death will satisfy the law—it is the last atonement which is in *your* power to your fellow-creatures, who are all of them as deeply injured by this murder as if the child had been their own—for the social world is a family of love. Him you cannot recall—you may 'go to him, he cannot return to you'—he is in the bosom of his father and his God—with trembling hope that if at so early an age of his playful course in this

world, he had vicious habits unrepented, or vicious propensities undisciplined, death so unprepared may plead for mercy to him. Hope in this world I can give you none. Hopes of mercy in the next I dare not either give or withhold, because the wisdom and goodness of the judge who will determine your fate (not for days, for months, for years, or centuries of years, but for an unfathomable *eternity*) cannot be estimated by man. This, however, I can safely tell you (because a redeeming God has told it me), that if you sincerely repent—you will "save your soul alive."

Tom.—Excellent, truly excellent, Eugenio! I begin to see the propriety of your observations, and shall therefore drop the discussion. But every judge is not a "Hardinge;" as you will acknowledge on a perusal of the following well-authenticated anecdote:

[Here my friend Tom tore a leaf from his pocket-book; with the contents of which I shall conclude my letter.]

A remarkable Charge of the Learned Judge Page.

"Gentlemen of the jury, ye have heard the evidence against this *here* fellow, and all *that;* he not only robbed the gentleman who was so *good* as to prosecute him, of his effects and money, but, as far as I can learn, has always been a vagabond, a strollier, I think; a fellow that went about with tricks and fancies. Now I never liked your tricks and fancies. I'll tell you a *pleasant* story. Some years ago, when I was at Exeter, there was a fellow, an ill-looking dog, somewhat like the prisoner at the bar, that went about with a bear and a fiddle. A troublesome rascal; there was *no living* for his tricks and fancies. So this was very well; I was not then a judge, but went only on private business. However, some time after, I went that circuit. You may be sure, I enquired for my old friend; but, somehow or other, the bear was dead, or the fiddle was broke. But how do you think I served the fellow? *I hanged him!*"

Your's, &c. &c.

X.

The HONEST BRETON.

(Continued from Page 413.)

"I Have often heard the countess de Ventaumont say that in her opinion nothing was more foolish than praising people in their presence. I did not want this advice to hinder me from hurting her delicacy, for I was as cautious of praising her as she could have wished. But I perceived she was not satisfied when I did not continue to speak, and enhance the

merits of what others said in her favour, or which she said of herself.

" She most assuredly dislikes flattery, and every one knew it; but was I to think myself under the obligation for that reason to treat her with incivility? and is there no medium betwixt flattery and rudeness? and are there not certain delicate distinctions which I ought to have noticed, and to have availed myself of?

" She was incensed one day, on reading one of her children's exercises; she could not keep her temper. ' Your country tutor,' said she, to D'Alembert, ' has no regard for any thing but old stories. He talks to my children about the mother of the Gracchi, without saying a word about their own, who, without vanity, is at least her equal.'

" Her natal day came. She had heard that I was poetic; she made no doubt of my having written something on the present occasion; and in the morning, when she saw me come in with her children, as she was at her toilette, she drew herself up on her seat, and, without doubt, expected to hear us all repeat some fine panegyrics. But how great was her surprise when her two children, kissing her hand, congratulated her on the day, as if she had been a mere citizen's wife. Their congratulations were accompanied, indeed, with some expressions of tenderness, which their hearts dictated better than any muse could have done.

" And is this all you have taught my children to say to me on so particular an occasion?' ' Nature, Madam, has spoken, and art has not presumed to interfere. And much less,' added I, ' has it dared to shew itself in my respectful homage.' A smile of malevolence betrayed her spite. ' Your respectful homage! nothing surely could be more new or better turned than that compliment. 'Tis very well, indeed, Sir.' From this hour, I perceived I had lost her good opinion; and it was necessary that I should think of making my retreat.

" But as I lived with the count upon pretty good terms, he would not discharge me in a humiliating manner, but gave me a recommendation as secretary to his friend the marquis of Fervac, who was going on an embassy. He presented me to him, and I had the honour, on the first interview, to be appointed.

" The marquis was a young man, who was in possession of all that natural and brilliant wit, which meets with such success in the world, but to which he had neither by study nor reflection scarcely ever added any thing. He disliked serious reading, nor could he go on with a romance if a little long; he would turn over quickly to the *denouement*, impatient to find out whether the lover had drowned himself in despair, whether

he

he had softened the heart of his cruel fair one, or had cured himself of his passion.

" Some time after I was settled with him, ' M. Montalde,' said he, ' we set off in three months, and I must learn by that time to talk learnedly about the subjects of these volumes and papers before us. Now, I declare to you, that I have neither inclination nor resolution to read this heap of correspondencies and negociations. Yet either you or I must get through it.' ' It will be my task, Sir,' said I, ' the consequence is evident.' ' Remember in making your extracts,' added he, ' the story of the cook, who reduced the essence of six dozen hams into the compass of a small phial.' The diplomatic stile is compressible like air; in the compass of this small pocket-book I wish to carry all these folio volumes about me. You will apply yourself to this during the day,' said he, ' in the evening we will frequent the playhouses, and you shall make one of my party at supper.'

" I undertook this task with so much the more ardour, as I perceived I should become very useful to the marquis; and as he promised to recompence my labours by making me the companion of his pleasures.

" He had selected from the dancers of the opera a mistress who was very pretty, and equally amiable. Her name was Emily. We supped every night at her house, with other girls of her profession, and a select party of young men. My little talent for poetry was found out I know not how; I was often intreated to recite my verses, and was heard with that favourable air of politeness which induced me to think I afforded pleasure. I will not deny that I was highly flattered by these little successes.

" The natural goodness of Emily induced her to divest herself in her acquaintance with me, of that severity of a nymph of Diana, which served to keep her train of suitors in awe; and as she was sure that I should behave with respect to the object of my governor's adoration, she deigned sometimes to become familiar. Her companions imitated her. Thus did I sometimes laugh with them in a corner at the grave and respectful behaviour that prevailed at the suppers.

" Surely you are not serious," said Plemer. " Gravity and respectful behaviour with opera girls! And what was going forward there?"

" Witty discourse, easy and delicate pleasantry; sometimes politics; and on my part, now and then, a little poetry: the epithalamium of two canary birds—a dialogue between two paraquets—or the triumph of Amelia in a *pas* she had danced, and which had been applauded. Each of the young girls was aspiring to the happiness of being celebrated in her turn; and this contest led them to shew particular attentions. Apolline,

the favourite of a young duke, a man extremely thin, very gloomy, much worn out by vicious conduct, and jealous in proportion as he had the less right to be so, was the lady that appeared the most attached to me. As she was of a satirical turn she was particularly happy when laughing with me at the follies of our little court. One time when the serious turn of the supper had tired her, 'Do you know,' said she to me, 'that these gentlemen, who are so reserved, and treat us with such respect in the evening, are the most impertinent coxcombs among women of fashion in the morning.'

"I enquired of her the cause of this singular contrast. 'The reason is plain,' said she, 'with us liberty is attainable only in the tete-a-tete; and it is there begun by billets signed by love or by fortune, whereas in the world—' The duke here interrupted her, and addressing himself to me, asked if I had any handsome things to say to them that day. 'Yes,' answered Apolline, 'a very amusing composition, upon the stupidity of jealous and tormenting lovers.' The duke looked sour, and turned upon his heel.

"Why did you answer him in that manner?' said I to the giddy girl. 'To learn him,' said she, 'to be less impertinent. Are you brought here only for the purpose of making verses? Your poetic lyre is a favourite instrument, but the pleasure of hearing it should be less frequent to make it more desirable. Talents, like beauty, lose their value when displayed with prodigality, and there is a necessary coquetry for you which I shall teach you.'

"I replied, 'That on the contrary, I had ever thought that trifling accomplishments were only valuable in proportion as we made no parade of them, and that readiness in the display of them conciliated indulgence.' 'Not in the least,' said she; 'you are considered as a person who is obliged to make himself agreeable. I am much hurt at it, I who love you, and see you give yourself over to the perfidious wheedling, which they bestow upon you to bring you into humour.' I returned her thanks, and promised to be more reserved in future. 'But your duke,' said I, 'is angry, and that makes me uneasy.' 'Oh no, be quiet,' said she, 'I am like a sportsman, that corrects his spaniel when he has committed a fault; but 'tis all in vain, he offends again even under the lash. There dont you see that he is now about? Congratulate me,' said she to him; 'I have made a conquest of M. Montalde; he does me the honour of dining with me to-morrow. You shall be of the party. He will recite his verses upon the jealous lover.' 'No,' replied the duke, 'I shall not have the pleasure of hearing them;' and as he walked away, he added: 'I am sick of verse.'

"Your

"Your pragmatical secretary takes it in his head to play the gallant,' said he to my ambassador, 'and, as I observe, endeavours to recommend himself by his verses. Tell him, I desire you, not to be so attentive with regard to Apolline. I shall be dissatisfied at it, and I should be sorry that any one whom you employ should give me the least cause for displeasure.'

"I had a variety of invitations at supper to awaken my muse, as they said, out of that reverie which threw a damp upon their gaiety; but she was inexorable.

(To be continued.)

RUSSIAN ANECDOTES.

THE Russian soldiers, the worst maintained of all troops, could not subsist in places where pillage is prohibited, if they had not a particular resource which other troops have not. In the different regiments, there is a fund called artel, into which every recruit, on joining his corps, puts the little money he may have; and the value of his old clothes, when he receives his uniform. The small property of a brother soldier who dies, or is killed, is added to the common stock. In time of war, the produce of their plunderings, which every member very conscientiously brings to the fund, increases it sometimes to a considerable amount. This fund is entrusted to old corporals, who are chosen by the soldiers.

A Russian soldier, being enlisted for life, is accustomed to place all his hopes on that fund, which can relieve him. On a march, and on all extraordinary occasions, he has recourse to the artel, either to buy a horse for the baggage, or to procure provisions, or liquors; for the government allowance is only so much rye flour, barley and salt per month. Of these the soldier makes bread and biscuit, or a kind of broth, which he is happy if he can sometimes season with flax oil, a piece of fat, or an onion; he does more, with a little fermented flour, or the remnants of his biscuit, he makes a beverage that he prefers to pure water, but which is detestable to a palate unaccustomed to it.

When a soldier is in quarters, he gives his rations to the peasant who lodges him, and eats at his table. When he is encamped in the deserts, if he can catch any game, he sells or gives it to his officers, sooner than eat it himself. He is in general very sober; and never sleeps on a bed, even when he is ill.

Each regiment has its priest, and a portable chapel, which is generally a very large tent, remarkable for its elegance. A

Russian

Russian priest cannot exercise his functions without being married; and, when his wife dies, he is obliged to turn monk. They take St. Paul's injunction literally, that "a bishop should be the husband of one wife;" consequently, they are prohibited from second wedlock.

.....

Whether it be an ancient tradition, or a more modern prejudice, the Russians generally believe in a particular deity, and often exclaim, when speaking of their victories, or of their happiness, "it is our god! it is the Russian god!" Suwarrow, more than any other person, was thus credulous; and endeavoured to propagate the idea.

.....

At the battle of Zurich, Major Herms, who had the command of the Russian military chest, containing 60,000 Dutch ducats, and 30,000 florins (about 60,000l.) was ordered into the rear of the army, with eighty chasseurs as an escort. Finding, about noon, that the Russians were retreating, he was alarmed, and ran to General Korsakow, to request an order to station the chest in a place of safety. "I will give you the order in time;" replied the general "return to your post." He was scarcely returned, before a French detachment fell on his escort, and seized the chest. The major delivered his sword to a Frenchman, who spoke German, and begged to be conducted to head quarters. "No, Sir," replied the soldier, "you shall go on foot, and the waggon shall remain here; for, if we take it to head-quarters, it will be appropriated to the nation, when by leaving it on the field of battle, it is our's." Herms then was sent off, and the French began to stave the casks, and fill their pockets While they were engaged in this lucrative occupation, a party of Cossacks and Russians surprised them, killed or dispersed them, and seized the remainder of the rich plunder, with which they made off when other troops appeared. A Frenchman who was caught by the Cossacks, at the moment when he had his head and arms in a cask, received a severe wound in the only part exposed to the enemy by that singular posture. He consoled himself for the accident, because the Russians when they dragged him away from the cask, thinking that he was killed, had not time to rifle his pockets, which were well lined, and furnished him with ample means for an agreeable convalescence.

.....

We cannot omit mentioning the great negligence of the Russians in regard to their wounded. Their surgeons are mostly barbers. A blunt knife is very often the only instrument they use to cut out a ball, or amputate a broken limb. If the wounded soldier has neither handkerchief, nor sash, nor linen

nen to bind up the wound, he dies, through loss of blood. Potemkin, in the Turkish war, had a French surgeon whom he appointed inspector of the military hospitals. Before the attack on Otschakow, finding that the chests were without medicines, and the surgeons without instruments, he complained to the prince, and begged that immediate orders might be given for procuring the most necessary articles, and particularly lint. Potemkin laughed at his zeal, and begged him to be quiet, for they would want for nothing for the wounded. The next day, the attack was made, and in half an hour 1800 wounded lay in heaps, in the camp; and numbers died, through neglect, and the severity of the weather. There is no country where we meet with fewer mutilated soldiers than in Russia; all those who are dangerously wounded generally die.

.....

In one of the engagements in Holland, an ensign was wounded and fell while defending his colours. After recovering himself, his first wish was to conceal them from the enemy. He tore them in pieces, and hid them in his bosom. Being taken from the field as a prisoner, he preciously preserved the signal of honour entrusted to his valour, and carried it back to Russia. When Paul, recovering a little from the passion excited by the defeat of his army, was informed of the action, he reinstated the brave officer in his rank, which he had lost as well as all the other prisoners.

.....

The Russian language, notwithstanding its richness and original beauties, savours very singularly of the servitude of the people who use it. A Russian slave, when speaking of his master, of the emperor, or of any other superior, says, "He has the goodness to eat, or to sleep; he has the complaisance to speak, to think, &c." He dares not even employ the same word to express the same thing, when it relates to his lord. *Potschiwat* and *knouchit* signify to eat and to sleep, for the master; *spat* and *iest* express the same things for the slave. It is the same with the Germans; when speaking of men or animals, they have different expressions.

.....

The Russians are unfortunately slaves, in the most simple and clearest signification of the term, which it is so disgraceful to apply to men. What is a slave? It is a man who belongs to another man. If this definition be admitted, the Russian is doubly a slave. In the first place, he, his wife, and children, belong to his lord, who can dispose of them as he pleases, can sell them, beat them, can suffer them to die with hunger, and even kill them, under certain precautions. Again, he, as well as his master, belongs to the emperor, who can dispose of them without any restrictions. Custom, prejudices, interest, and ge-

nerosity on the part of the master and the sovereign, can alone humanize, in some degree, this unlimited slavery.

.....

The Russian artillerymen and bombardiers, when they enter into the artillery, take an oath with imprecations on their body and soul, not to abandon the guns entrusted to them. They kept this dreadful oath at the battle of Frankfort, where many of them were stabbed by the Prussians, while clinging round the cannon. They kept it likewise at the battle of Zurich, where not one battery was forsaken; the men were all killed at their posts, in spite of the orders of their officer.

ANECDOTES *of* LAVATER.

"WHEN I had rung the bell," says M. Karimsin, "there appeared a tall slender man, of a pale complexion, whom I instantly knew to be Lavater. He conducted me to his closet, and welcomed me to Zurich. After a few questions about my journey, he said, 'Have the goodness to call again. I am busy at present; or stay and read, or look over any thing you please, and do just as if you were at home.' He then shewed me some folios in his book case, lettered Phisiognomical Cabinet, and left the room. He returned several times to fetch a book or some paper, but immediately left the room again. At length he entered it, took me by the hand, and conducted me to a company of literati.

"Lavater has an extremely venerable appearance; a firm resolute air; a long pale face; piercing eyes, and a very grave look. All his motions shew animation and agility, and he utters every word with energy. In his tone there is something dictatorial, which is probably a consequence of his profession, but is corrected by a look of the most undissembled candour and simplicity of heart.

"When I called the next day, I found Lavater writing a letter. In half an hour the room was filled with visitors. These visits would be troublesome to any other person; but Lavater told me that he was fond of seeing strangers, and that he learnt many new things of them.

"Early the next morning he sent to invite me to go with him and a few friends into the country. We sat down to a plentiful repast, and joked and laughed. After dinner we sat down to play,—not at cards. Each took a piece of paper, upon which he wrote any question that came into his head. The papers were then mixed, again distributed, and every one had now to answer to the question he had received, and write down a new one. This game continued 'till the piece of paper was full, and then they were all read aloud. Many of the

answers were well adapted to the subjects; but those of Lavater differed from the rest, as the moon from the stars. As an example, I will annex a few of the questions and answers.

Q. "Who is the real benefactor?". A. "He who relieves present distress." The question, "Is the life of any particular person absolutely necessary for the completion of any particular purpose?" was answered in the following manner: "It is necessary, if he remains alive; but would be unnecessary, were he to die." Different words, without any connection, were then given, and each had to make sense of them, which gave occasion to a good deal of laughter."

Such were the recreations of the pious Lavater, who was basely assassinated by a Frenchman or a Swiss. Should so benevolent and peaceable a man have expected a death so cruel in his native city? "Lavater," says Colonel Masson," was a Christian philosopher, sceptic and mystical, but tolerant and enlightened; an ardent and virtuous philanthropist, though systematical and credulous.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN the late Robert Lord Clive was a boy, and once walking with a school-fellow through Drayton market, the two lads stopped to look at a butcher killing a calf. "Dear me—Bobby," says the lad, "I would not be a butcher for all the world." "Why, I should not much like it," said Clive, 'tis a dirty business; but I'd a *plaguy deal rather be a butcher than a calf.*"

COMICAL BLUNDER.

A Person went to a shopkeeper's, not twenty miles from Totnes, for a pound of candles, *sixteen* to the pound; not having any sixteens in house, *two pounds* of eighths were sent, but the shopkeeper charged for *one pound* only.

A QUESTION, *by W. Backhouse, of Evercreech.*

IF a person, with an air-balloon, ascend vertically from Bath to such height that he can just see London appear in the horizon, it is required to determine his height above the earth, allowing its radius to be 3979 miles, and the distance between Bath and London, on the arch of a great circle, to be one hundred miles?

Answer, by S. D. of South Petherton, to J. Prinn's Charade, inserted April 18.

WHEN discord's horrid torch fierce flames afar,
And clangous trumpets kindle hateful war,
From the loud BLUNDERBUSS swift flies the ball
With dire velocity, and myriads fall.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Trood, J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; F. Arden, of South Petherton; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; J. Thomas, of St. Agnes; J. Lewis, of Poole; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; a constant reader, J. Osborn, and J. Treadwin, of Exeter; R. Withall, of Plymouth; J. Badcock, of Mousehole; John Tucker, of Ottery-barracks; J. Channon, of the Ottery artillery; J. Colling, of St Dominick; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; H. Easter, of Taunton; T. Cowd, of Sidmouth; W. Kent, of Camelford; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; G. Geach, of Wadebridge; and J. Woodman, of North Curry.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to J. Trood's Charade, inserted April 18.

WHEN thunders roll, and whirlwinds roar,
The seaman dreads the dangerous shore;
Implores the LORD his SHIP to guide,
And cause the tempest to subside.

*** Similar answers have been received from S. D. of South Petherton; J. Lewis, and and Hester Easter, of Poole; a constant reader, J. Osborn, J. Saunders and J. Treadwin of Exeter; and J. B. of Exmouth; J. Colling, of St. Dominick; J. Thomas, of St. Agnes; T. Cowd, of Sidmouth; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Prinn, a fifer in the South Devon militia; John Badcock, of Mousehole; W. Kent, of Camelford; J. Channon, of the Ottery artillery; J. Tucker, of Ottery barracks; J. Horsey, and G. Russell, at Castle Cary academy; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; W. R. Cave, of Pitney; Vigil, of Shaftesbury; J. Woodman, of North Curry; R. Withall, of Plymouth; and G. Geach, of Wadebridge.

A CHARADE, *by R. T. Paget, of Exmouth.*

TWO-SIXTHS of a city my first will explain,
Where commerce doth flourish, and plenty doth reign;
A party of the body my second will shew,
From which both abuse and cruelty flow:
My whole is a town esteem'd for its air,
Where to bathe youth and age do often repair.

An ENIGMA, *by J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater.*

PROUD, lofty Troy, which ten long, tedious years
Withstood the mighty force of Grecian spears,
By me, at length, was in dire ruin hurl'd,
And hosts of Trojans left this nether world.
Within due bounds confin'd, I'm useful found,
But if let loose, oft deal destruction round;
I have defied the warrior's glitt'ring shield,
Yet oft obedience to the peasant yield;
Terrific havoc doth with rage attend,
And yet I am a social party's friend;
In ev'ry age and clime my power's the same:
Arise ye youths, and now disclose my name.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES *on* SPRING.

OH when a blooming nymph I see
My muse is fir'd with ecstacy!
Oh with what rapture do I view
Of her sweet cheek the rosy hue!
Her charming hair, and snowy breast,
"Gently heaving to be press'd."
Rapt with such charms, on fancy's wing,
How oft I mount, and vainly sing!
But, shameful torpor! nature's charms
Nor wake my lyre, nor bosom warms.

Tho' in the vale, and on the plain,
Spring in splendid triumph reigns;
Tho' lovely birds, with mingled lays,
Chant the livelong day her praise;
Tho' the trees so beauteous bloom,
And every passing breeze perfume;
Tho' all around so sweetly smile;
Tho' Eden seems Britannia's isle;
Yet, Oh my muse! still thou art cold,
Whilst I their glorious charms behold.

Yeovil, May 16, 1808. PHILO-MUSÆUS.

LOVE ELEGY TO HENRY.

[From Mrs. Opie's Poems.]

THEN thou hast learnt the secret of my soul,
Officious friendship has its trust betray'd;
No more I need the bursting sigh controul,
Nor summon pride my struggling soul to aid.

But think not banish'd hope returns again,
Think not I write thy thankless heart to move;
The faded form that tells my tender pain
May win thy pity, but it can't thy love.

Nor can I move thee by soft winning art,
By manners taught to charm, or practis'd glance;
Artless as thine, my too too feeling heart
Disdains the tutor'd eye, the fond advance.

The cold coquette, to win her destin'd prey,
May feign a passion which she ne'er can feel;
But I true passion's soft commands obey,
And fain my tender feelings would conceal.

In others eyes, when fix'd on thine, I see
That fondness painted which alone I know;
Think not, my Henry, they can love like me,
More love I hide than they can e'er bestow.

While

While tender glances their emotions speak,
And oft they heave and oft suppress the sigh;
Oh turn to me, behold my pallid cheek
Shrinking from thine, behold my downcast eye!

While they by mirth, by wit, thine ear amuse,
And by their eloquence thy plaudits seek;
See me the fond contention still refuse,
Nor in thy presence, Henry, dare to speak.

When ask'd to breathe the soul-enchanting song,
See them o'erjoy'd exert their utmost art;
While vainly I would join the choral throng,
Lost are those tones which once could touch the heart.

But, Henry, wert thou in love's language wise,
Vainly would others more than Emma shine;
Beyond their sweetest strains thy heart would prize
One faint, one broken, tender tone of mine.

Oh proofs of passion, eloquent as vain!
By thee unheeded, or perhaps unknown;
But learn, the pangs that prompt this pensive strain,
Ere long, disdainful youth, may be thine own.

Ah! no—in hopeless love thou canst not pine,
Thou ne'er canst woo the brightest maid in vain;
For thee love's star midst cloudless skies will shine,
And light thy graceful steps to Hymen's fane:

While I, as hope, and strength, and life recede,
Far, far from thee shall waste the languid day;
Blest, if the scroll that speaks thy bliss I read,
But far more blest to feel life's powers decay.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The MORNING *of the* YEAR.

COLD, cold is the birth of the infantile year,
Whose cradle the winds of the winter will rock,
'Till the spring in her bosom the orphan shall cheer,
Like a new-fallen lambkin, the first of the flock.

Who wove the rude dress that apparels the child?
His chaplet of ivy, his mantle of moss;
His sandals of holly-leaves, pluck'd from the wild?
While icicle dew-drops his raiments emboss?

With the heavenly birth, lo! the morning is gay;
The sun thro' the clouds darts a smile o'er the globe,
To melt on the mountains the snow-hills away,
And promise the woods their fresh beautiful robe.

With the changes of time may the blessings of ease
Descend on my Laura with fondest delight!
In her eyes, tho' the winter rule islands and seas,
A heaven of summer still gladdens our sight.

SILVO.

IRISH PLACE HUNTER.

A place under *government*
Was all that Paddy wanted:
He married soon a *scolding wife*,
And thus his wish was granted.

POP.